

Domestic and Foreign Items.

CONGRESS.—Senator Crittenden, of Kentucky, on Wednesday of last week, made what was regarded as a very damaging speech against the Lecompton Constitution, and even succeeded in stirring up some little consternation among the friends of that document. It is reported that it was the determination of the friends of the Lecompton instrument in the Senate, to force a vote upon it on Monday or Tuesday of the present week; but our paper goes to press before we can receive the report of the result. In the House, the opposition to that document, it is said, has received some accessions, and it is pretty confidently believed that it can not pass, unless with some essential modifications.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—MOB, RIOT, ARRESTS.—On Thursday morning of last week, as the morning train of the Hudson River Railroad, from Peekskill, was passing Forty-fifth street, this city, a young Irishman, named Thomas Finch, in attempting to jump upon one of the cars, missed his hold, fell under the wheel, and was run over. His body was nearly cut in two. The affair immediately created a great deal of excitement in the neighborhood. A large crowd quickly assembled, mostly composed of Irishmen, denounced the Railroad Company, and declared that it should be the last day that a locomotive should pass over the road below Sixtieth-street. The train was immediately stopped, and an attempt was made by the employees of the Company to remove the body from the track, but the incensed crowd interfered, and said that the body should remain where it lay, until the Coroner arrived. The Company's men persisted in their attempt to take up the body, but they were set upon by the mob, attacked with stones and other missiles, and were finally compelled to retreat. The crowd speedily augmented to some 2,000 people who threatened to tear up the track. A large police force, however, soon came upon the ground, and succeeded in arresting the ringleaders of the mob and dispersing the others, and carrying off the body of the deceased, though assailed by brickbats and other missiles.

SINKING OF THE STEAMER EMPIRE STATE.—On Wednesday morning of last week, the magnificent steamer *Empire State*, as she was approaching this city from Fall River, ran, while under full headway, on Mattinecock Point, in the East River, during the dense fog. The shock brought the passengers from their berths, who, half dressed, ran upon the deck in great consternation. She was badly stove, and immediately began to sink astern, and the passengers, with their baggage, rushed on the forward deck for safety, this portion of the boat being aground, so that she could not sink. The steamer *C. Vanderbilt* soon came to the rescue, and took her passengers and part of her freight, and brought them to the city, no lives being lost. The *Empire State* was insured for two-thirds of her value. An effort will be made to raise the wreck. The steamboat *Worcester* ran upon the rocks, near New London, in the same fog.

A DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION met in Providence, R. I., on Thursday, March 18, and nominated Alexander Duncan for Governor. Mr. Duncan is the senior member of the well known banking house of Duncan, Sherman & Co. Elisha R. Potter, Ex-Member of Congress, was named for Lieutenant-Governor. The Convention was well attended. The election takes place on the 7th of April next.

GALE AND FRESHET IN WESTERN N. Y.—A dispatch from Rochester, dated March 18, says: A heavy westerly wind commenced blowing last evening and continued all night, causing great loss of property in this city and vicinity, by unroofing houses, blowing down steeples, etc. All the telegraph lines running west and south from here are down. The flood in the Genesee River is doing considerable damage.

LOUISVILLE, MARCH 17.—The wind blew almost a hurricane at noon to-day; several buildings were unroofed, and the steamers at the levee somewhat injured, but no lives were lost.

MURDER OF A MASTER BY HIS SLAVES.—A man named Maxwell was found dead on Wednesday morning, March 17, near Bardstown, Ky. It has since been ascertained that he was killed by his own negroes. One of them has confessed to as much.

The bark *Adriatic*, Capt. Dunham, famous from her confiscation by the French Court at Marseilles, and double escape from custody, arrived at Charleston, S. C., on Wednesday of last week.

The Richmond *Enquirer* opens its batteries against the re-opening of the African slave-trade, as impolitic and unprofitable to the South, and says none but disunionists advocate it, as a means of hastening that event.

THE LATE ELECTION IN KANSAS.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, writing from Quindaro, K. T., under date of March 11, says: "The election of delegates to the Constitutional Convention, so far as heard from, has passed off quietly. In Leavenworth county, a Douglas-Democratic ticket was put in the field, but was beaten four or five to one by the regular Free-State ticket. In Jefferson county, a 'bolting' Free-State ticket was run, because the regular ticket was too radical to suit some parties, but the latter was elected. In nearly all the other counties, there was no opposition to the regular Free-State ticket, the pro-slavery men refusing to go into the election. There being substantially no opposition, the Free-State vote was not quite as heavy as on the 4th of January. It is estimated at nine thousand. In spite of Gov. Denver's proclamation, issued several days since, advising that the work of enrolling the militia should cease, the enrollment is steadily progressing, two hundred enrolling officers being engaged in it, in different parts of the Territory. Coleman, the murderer of Dow, has fled from the Territory.

A HANDSOME DONATION.—Nathan Jackson, Esq., of this city, has celebrated his 78th birthday, by making a gift to Williams College, Massachusetts, of \$14,000 in cash, and nine acres of land, with suitable buildings thereon, adjoining the College grounds in Williamstown, for which he paid \$6,000 in addition, though the land is worth more than its original cost. The particular object to which this munificent donation is to be applied, is to found a Professorship, for teaching Christian Theology, and branches of knowledge in harmony therewith, and also to aid the education of the sons of missionaries and others who are desirous of entering the Christian Ministry.

Mrs. ADA COAN, the Spirit-medium, entertained the members of the Massachusetts Legislature with a series of spiritual manifestations, on Wednesday evening of last week.

THE NORWICH, Conn., *Courier* says that the old Congregational Church at Lisbon, which is about to be taken down, has remained unaltered 90 years, and is at present probably the last of the old-fashioned churches in the State.

A MAN was arrested on Thursday of last week, in this city, charged with being engaged in a gift enterprise in Broome-street, and distributing bogus jewelry to his customers. Over one hundred letters addressed to him, were taken from the Post-office, most of them containing complaints from the country concerning the deception.

The sheriff advertises for sale the entire village of Malaga, New Jersey, 30 miles below Philadelphia. It consists of more than 5,000 acres of land, with glass works, mills, and forty dwelling houses. The village exhibits a scene of destitution and abandonment, so complete and thorough as to be rarely exceeded. It is said that all this fine property will pass away from the industrious and enterprising owner for a comparative song.

It is rumored that General Calhoun is to be sent to Arizona as Governor. He says the climate of Kansas doesn't agree with his health.

The freight engine on the New York Central Railroad exploded her boiler on Thursday morning of last week, near Batavia, fatally injuring Z. Clarke, the engineer, and seriously wounding the brakeman and fireman. Clarke has since died.

THE OHIO LEGISLATURE.—The bill repealing the acts passed by the last Legislature to prevent kidnapping in Ohio, and refusing the use of the jails for the confinement of fugitive slaves, which passed the Senate some time ago, passed the House on Thursday evening of last week—the former by 22, the latter by 21 majority.

An infant child of Mrs. Stephen Morgan, of Ellsworth, Me., was left in the cradle while she went after a pail of water. When the mother returned she found to her horror that a stray pig had forced his way into the room and eaten off two fingers from one hand of the child, and badly mangled another.

FIGHT IN THE N. Y. ASSEMBLY.—A disgraceful fight between Mr. Delany and Mr. Chatfield, Assemblymen from this city, took place in the Legislative Hall at Albany, on Thursday of last week.

MR. PENNOCK, the friend and fellow-traveler of Bayard Taylor, died of consumption on the 9th inst., at Kennett Square, Pa.

STATE OF THE RIVERS.—The Hudson is clear, and boats have commenced running between this city and Albany. The Missouri River has been navigable for two weeks; the Illinois is open from its mouth to Peoria; and the Mississippi as high as Burlington in Iowa. At Dubuque and Fulton the ice was starting on Monday of last week. The upper Mississippi will remain closed some time longer. Lake Pepin seldom gets rid of its ice before the middle of April.

On Wednesday evening of last week, the barn of Mr. M. B. Harrison, corner of Main and High-Streets, Orange, N. J., was destroyed by fire. Two horses, wagons, harness and several tons of hay were also burned.

In Portsmouth, Ohio, a city of 8,000 or 10,000 inhabitants, every Democrat, save one, signed the call for the Anti-Lecompton State Convention.

The Detroit *Advertiser* says that Mrs. Thomas, a washerwoman of that city, has recently become heir to a fortune of a million dollars in England.

The *Harrison Flag*, published at Marshall, Texas, has at the head of its column the name of Millard Fillmore for President in 1860.

A BILL, entitled an act for the security of those who can not read and write, which passed the New Jersey Senate on Thursday week provides that those who can not write, and therefore sign their names with a (t) shall have the contents of writings properly read to them, and that no writing signed by them shall pass property unless attested by two subscribing witnesses.

JUDGE SIDDELL, of Louisiana, has become insane from the effects of a blow on the head, inflicted by a rowdy during the last election in New Orleans.

The shoe business is reviving in Lynn. Orders are coming in with considerable rapidity, and a large proportion of the extended paper of manufacturers has been taken up.

REV. MR. VAN METER of the Five Points Mission, left on Monday, at 3 o'clock P. M., with his eighteenth company of children for the West.

The Queen of England bore the expenses of the Princess's trousseau, and, in fact, of the whole wedding, entirely out of her private purse; and the £40,000 voted by Parliament, was presented by Her Majesty to the young couple, intact, settled in the way described by the marriage contract.

COLLISION ON THE NEW HAVEN RAILROAD.—As the freight train which left New Haven for this city on Tuesday evening last, was approaching Stamford, a truck of one of the cars gave way and caused the coupling to break, so that several of the rear cars were detached and left behind a short distance, before the accident was discovered, and the train stopped. The engineer went back with the locomotive and assistance for the missing cars, and brakemen were dispatched with signal lamps half a mile back, in order to prevent any collision with the Boston Express, but before the crippled car could be set to rights, or removed out of the way, the Express train came along, and notwithstanding the effort of the engineer, on perceiving the signal of danger, to stop the train, the rails were so slippery that he found it impossible to arrest the progress of the train in time to avoid a slight collision with the freight train. The rear car was damaged to the amount of about \$200. The engineer of the Express train, discovering his danger, sprang from the locomotive, and escaped with a few bruises. The concussion was so slight that passengers who were asleep at the time, remained ignorant of the fact until their arrival in the city about one o'clock yesterday morning, only an hour after the usual time.—*N. Y. Tribune* of 18th inst.

The following extract of a letter from the agent of the Board of Underwriters at Key West, Fla., is worthy the attention of ship owners: "I have resolved to charter a small vessel, and keep her stationed near Caryfort, with a steam pump on board. I think it is a shame that so many ships should be left on this reef, when, with proper means, they could be saved. I think if New Orleans, Philadelphia, New York and Boston would unite, the expense would be trifling, and many ships and much property would be saved.

A BOKER and Dean affair came off in Detroit on the 14th inst. A young Irishman named Thomas O'Brien, in the employ, as a teamster, of a rich farmer named Lee, ran off with and married Miss Laura Lee, daughter of the aforesaid farmer.

The old Episcopal (Trinity) Church at Woodbridge, N. J., was destroyed by fire on Sunday afternoon of last week. It is said to have been the oldest Episcopal Church in the State, having been built in 1754, one hundred and four years since.

The Sacramento (Cal.) *Union* of February 12, says: "A Chinaman visited the fish market at the foot of I street, and paid \$2 50 for the privilege of throwing overboard fifty-five fish. In explanation of this singular notion, he stated that on that day, a year or two since, he was wrecked, with some eighty of his countrymen, and thirty white men; that he was the only Chinaman that survived, and that he then made a vow that he would release fifty-five fish on each succeeding anniversary of the day."

DEATH OF A MURDERER.—Monroe Stewart, one of the McKeesport murderers, who was recently pardoned, but subsequently held for another trial, died on Tuesday of last week, of small pox.

LATER FROM KANSAS.—A letter in the *Evening Post*, dated at Lawrence, March 4, says: "There is very little real news afloat in Kansas at present. The difficulties at Fort Scott have been delayed. Those that did exist were undoubtedly very much exaggerated. The people are now engaged in selecting delegates to the forthcoming Constitutional Convention. Their main hope is, that Congress will delay its action in regard to Lecompton until the session of the Convention, which will commence at Minneola on the fourth Tuesday in March. The Constitution then adopted will be submitted entire to a vote of the people for ratification or rejection. If adopted, both Topeka and Anti-Topeka, Radicals and Conservatives, in fact all true Free-State men, will rally round it."

FIRE IN THE AUBURN PRISON.—A fire broke out in the north wing of the Auburn Prison, on Saturday evening, March 13, and destroyed property belonging to the State, to the amount of about \$5,000. Barber & Sons, carpet contractors, are also sufferers to a large amount, which is partially covered by insurance. There was considerable excitement among the convicts, but no escapes were made. The fire was the work of an incendiary.

SUICIDE.—DESTITUTION THE CAUSE.—Coroner Perry held an inquest on Thursday, at 183 Hester-street, upon the body of Chas. Meyers, a native of Germany, 55 years of age, who committed suicide by swallowing arsenic. The evidence of a daughter of the deceased was taken, and showed that a few months ago a fire had destroyed all that her father possessed; since that time he has been out of employment, and extremely destitute. Their rent had not been paid for two months, and the landlord had turned them out of the house. A tumbler, containing arsenic, was found on the floor, beside deceased, and he had partaken of the poison to terminate an unhappy existence. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of "Suicide by taking arsenic."—*N. Y. Sun* of 19th inst.

A MISER'S PRAYER.—The following singular prayer was made by John Ward, of Hackney, England. The document which was found in Ward's own hand-writing, might be called the miser's prayer. It is one of the examples on record of men combining in themselves the utmost fanaticism, with the total absence of anything like moral feeling: "O Lord, thou knowest that I have nine estates in the city of London, and likewise that I have lately purchased an estate in fee simple, in the county of Essex; I beseech thee to preserve the two counties of Middlesex and Essex from fire and earthquakes; and as I have a mortgage in Hertfordshire, I beg of thee to have an eye of compassion on that county; and for the rest of the counties, thou mayest deal with them as thou art pleased. O Lord, aid the banks to answer all their bills, and make my debts on good men. Give a prosperous voyage and return to the *Mermoid* sloop, because I have insured it; and as thou hast said the days of the wicked are but short, I trust in thee that thou wilt not forget thy promise, as I have purchased an estate in reversion, which will be mine upon the death of the prodigal young man, Sir L. Keep my friends from sinking, and preserve me from thieves and house-breakers; and make all my servants so honest and faithful that they may attend to my interests, and never cheat me out of my property, night or day."

An Irish woman, living in New Bedford, about 80 years of age, a few days since, while sitting at the table, had just taken a cup of tea in her hand, and remarked, when her age was alluded to, that she hoped the Lord would take her one before long. Her hand was observed to tremble; she leaned back in her chair, and died instantly.

CONSIDERABLE excitement prevails in Dunn county, Wisconsin, in consequence of recent discoveries of gold by a man engaged in digging a well.

The Governor of Vermont has appointed Friday, the 2d of April, to be observed as a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer.

The coal diggers along the Monongahela valley, Pa., are on a strike. They demand an advance of two cents a bushel.

The two Houses of the Legislature of New Jersey have determined to adjourn sine die on the 18th inst.

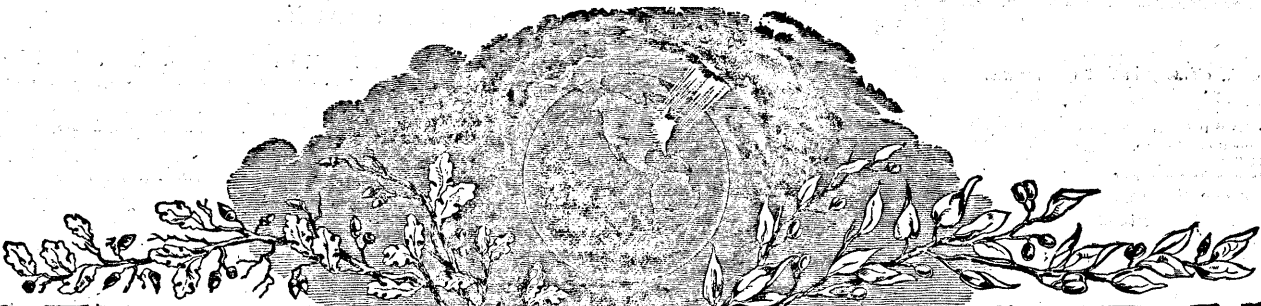
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WHOLE NO. 308.

The Principles of Nature.

NARRATIVE CONCERNING A HAUNTED MAN.

BY MISS EMMA HARDINGE.

After perusing the manuscript of the following narrative (which was placed in our hands by a third party), we were in doubt whether the authoress intended it as a romance founded on facts, or whether she intended to represent the extraordinary incidents which it sets forth, as having *actually and literally* taken place. We have since, however, had an interview with Miss Hardinge on the subject, and she assures us that the incidents actually occurred in *every particular as herein stated*, she having received them immediately from persons to whom they were familiarly known; and although she has suppressed names through delicacy to the many surviving relatives of the parties who specially figure in the story, she assures us that the facts stated are known and will be recognized by hundreds of persons in different parts of England.—Ed.

"The real and the ideal!" who can draw the line between them? Who can say whether there be in reality an existing distinction between them at all? If the human mind be incapable of generating an original idea, then it follows as a necessity that there must be, *a priori*, a reality for the conception of every vagrant idea which the mind is capable of conceiving.

I shall not now offer any speculations of my own on this subject. The *discrete degrees* which exist between the psychological delusions of self and those produced by Spirit-impression, have yet to be weighed and measured by a profounder knowledge of the science of mentality than any to which our theorists of to-day have attained. If the following narrative which occurred almost within my own experience, will serve to set the *savans* who determine these matters (so entirely to their own and other people's satisfaction) reasoning on a subject so deeply interesting to all, I shall be among the number of grateful recipients of the benefit.

Some years ago it was remarked that a young clergyman of the Church of England who had become highly popular in his vocation, manifested a remarkable pertinacity in refusing to accept of any settled "living," or confining himself to any given locality. His many accomplishments of mind and person procured him innumerable offers of lucrative and permanent positions; indeed it could not be doubted that he might have attained to high church preferment, could he be induced to change his restless and erratic course of life. His custom was to go from place to place, and from church to church, offering his services to brother priests, and occasionally accepting a very limited engagement to do duty in some remote place; but even then his wandering spirit sought relief in exchange of duty with every clergyman in his neighborhood.

This singular conduct, and the stern silence which he maintained as to the cause of his eccentricity, naturally drew upon him universal comment, and at length that largest half of the world who so generously neglect their own welfare, in absorbing interest in the business of other people, decided, in solemn conclave, to fasten upon the young divine the following particulars: The first of these was that he had been a poor curate, but had suddenly risen into wealth by an acquisition of fortune, none could tell from whence; secondly, that although he was universally courted, and esteemed the handsomest as well as most

eloquent preacher of the day, he was in manners and habits, unsocial, reserved, and even morose, living alone, and as before stated, forever in a constant state of change: while thirdly, "in conclusion," and above all, and beyond all, it was remarked that wherever he appeared, to preach, he was invariably followed by a lady, who without ever being seen to speak to him, or hold the slightest communion with him, took her place at every service in some conspicuous position as nearly as possible in front of the pulpit. She was tall and graceful; her dress betokened better days, being of that kind of faded gentility which so eloquently speaks of the fallen externals of fleeting fortune, out of the changeless internal dignity of true breeding. It was impossible to judge of her age, for though her gait and manner exhibited the composed grace which marks the gentlewoman of any time of life, her features were entirely concealed by a splendid white lace veil of impenetrable thickness. In summer and winter, frost and heat, storm and sunshine, "the white lady," as she was termed, appeared in her accustomed place. Who and what she was, why she came, and how, were points which no scrutiny, however prying or persistent, seemed likely to determine. What was her connection with the young minister, was a mystery equally impenetrable with her veil. They were never seen to speak, nor did his eyes ever in the whole course of the service appear to glance towards her; on the contrary he was noticed studiously to avoid directing his glances to the spot where she was inevitably known to be; nor was he on any occasion recognized by the world as being in communion with her; and yet it was urged that some understanding, and that of the most direct kind, must have subsisted between them; for however suddenly he might decide upon changing his course, even between morning and evening service, though the slightest incident might arise to alter his destination, and careful plans were often laid to practice thus upon him, it could never be discovered that he either communicated with her, or to any one who could inform her of the course of his erratic movements. On the contrary, it was at length believed that the extreme care with which he strove to envelop those movements in mystery, was caused by a desire to elude the vigilance of his mysterious attendant. If this was his object, the failure was certainly signal, for none ever remembered during many years to have seen Mr. H. preach without the presence of his phantom-like auditor.

Those who most narrowly scrutinized the conduct of this singular couple, could detect certain evidences in the preacher's manner, that the effect upon himself, at least, was prejudicial, if not actually detrimental to health, happiness, and intellect. Many who remembered the brilliant advent of his short career, were confounded when they considered how rapidly he had grown old, how evanescent had been the bloom and beauty of youth; how transient the glow of lustrous health on the cheek and brow. It was sad to watch the deepening furrows and wasting lines of cankering care, eating so openly into the thin cheek and pallid brow. The light of his eyes looked out from "the window of the soul," in troubled, fitful glare like the eager search of an unquiet Spirit "seeking rest and finding

none." Nothing seemed to escape the rugged tooth of the hidden worm that was gnawing its way from the depths of his silent, suffering soul to the tell-tale surface of the tabernacle, but the pathetic tones of his melting voice. A deeper cadence, a more passionate inflection, a more soul-stirring wring, like a well-strung harp responding to the touch of a master-hand, echoing to the chords of the deepest of human passions, were the elements which seemed to gather power and intensity with Mr. H. as the presence of some unmistakable cause of internal suffering stamped its evidences in premature decay on other conditions of his organizations. As the feeling of interest connected with the mystery that surrounded him deepened into sympathy, the preacher's popularity increased in inverse ratio to the probable duration of his ministry.

It was at a period, however, when the very oil of life itself appeared to be nearly expended, and the flame now flickering in its socket to be almost on the verge of expiration, that the minister was seen for several successive Sundays *without* his veiled attendant. At first the confusion which this fact occasioned in the minds of the various congregations among whom he was accustomed to appear, directed attention from the priest himself; but when the curious began to scrutinize the effect which this absence would have upon him, great was their astonishment to behold the very same phenomena in the conduct of the preacher, which had invariably marked his manner in the presence of the unknown. There was the same anxious avoidance of a particular part of different aisles where the lady had been accustomed (as if seeking the most conspicuous possible position) to appear. The sudden, abrupt turning of the head away, which had so often given token that his eyes had involuntarily encountered a disagreeable object—nay, as he passed down the aisle to change his robe previous to the communion service, he was again and again observed to move aside and even gather up his robe as if to avoid contact with what had once occupied a space now filled by empty air.

Many months passed away subsequent to the disappearance of the mysterious lady, without any other change in Mr. H.'s equally mysterious deportment, than an increased acceleration of that visible and rapid decay of physical strength of which we have before spoken. At length it happened that Mr. H. was solicited to visit a very distant part of the north of England, which it was supposed was his birth-place, but which he had never returned to since the period when he had left it, converted from a poor curate into a rich man. Mr. H. manifested an unusual reluctance to visit this place, and it was only at the earnest entreaty of a gentleman who had bestowed much medical skill and kindness upon him during a long fit of sickness, that he could be induced to comply with the requisition of the parishioners of Y— to do duty for their rector during his temporary absence.

On arriving at the church where he was to officiate, his restlessness and uncertainty of manner became more than usually apparent. His furtive glances were perpetually directed toward an empty space directly in front of the pulpit, and the distress

which he evidenced in glancing in that quarter was so marked that the congregation began to look as eagerly into the vacancy at last as himself. On passing the spot, too, to the surprise of all, he suddenly stopped as if some one had addressed him, bent his head slightly, as if in acknowledgment of a communication, and with an ashy paleness on his face, proceeded to the vestry-room to change his robes. As he returned again to the altar, his unaccountable conduct, combined with the singular rumors which prevailed about him, broke through all the conventional forms which hedge in such a scene with a wall of strict etiquette, and the whole congregation simultaneously rose to observe his movements. Without paying the least attention to the rustle around him, he proceeded up the aisle with the same down-cast look which ever marked his way, until he arrived at the vacant space, when he was observed to draw aside his robe, as his custom had been when he had been compelled to pass in direct proximity to the veiled lady. Some wondered why he drew aside his garments from the viewless air; others pronounced it the force of habit; and some few wondered whom the preacher addressed when he murmured, as he passed the empty space: "*For the last time on earth, remember!*"

That day the minister had to spend with a venerable old man who had once been incumbent of the parish. He was a kind, venerable person, highly esteemed, both for his wealth and the noble use he made of it. As he returned to the manse with his reverend guest, he maintained a profound silence; but the moment they entered the door, he invited him to accompany him into his library, where the two sat down at the open window, as if for serious converse. It was a lovely autumn day; the woods and lawns were glowing in the rich, mellow tints of dying summer; tall forest trees shaded the painted Gothic windows of the still, calm retreat of learning in which they sat; the noble windows, open to the floor, looked out upon the silent resting places of the village dead. The grassy mounds and moss-grown stones telling "the short and simple annals of the poor;" while the deep stillness of the scene was only broken by the cawing of a colony of rooks, the solitude loving, yet noisy tenants of those spots most consecrated to mystery and repose.

After the involuntary tribute of some minutes' silence, which both gentlemen felt bound to pay to the presiding Spirit of this peaceful scene, the elder commenced by saying, "Mr. H., it grieves me to be under the painful necessity of warning you that you are likely to encounter some opposition from claimants to the property you are now in possession of." "Indeed!" replied the party addressed, scarcely manifesting sufficient interest in the communication to turn his head from the open window. "Yes, sir," rejoined the old gentleman, "the family of the late Mrs. F. I. have informed me (their uncle) of their resolution to dispute your title to the large sums you became possessed of in her name." "The late Mrs. F. I.!" shouted the young man, springing up from his chair, and fixing on his companion a look which almost froze him to stone. "Aye, sir," stammered the other. "Is it possible you can be ignorant of Mrs. F. I.'s decease, nearly eight months ago?"

"Decease! Eight months ago!" replied Mr. H. "Old man, you rave!"

"Now, sir, if I mistake not greatly, it is you who rave," rejoined the rector. "The unhappy course which my niece thought proper to pursue, in following you all over England, appearing in your presence on every occasion of your ministry, while life lasted, has stamped that life with too unfortunate a notoriety for me to question that you, or any one connected with her, or even that world in which she has obtained so terrible a notoriety, can be ignorant that she expired eight months ago, and now lies not ten feet from the spot on which we stand."

As he spoke, he pointed to a slab of white marble, separated from the other graves in the quiet church-yard before them, by a row of small rose-bushes which were already beginning to form a hedge around the last earthly home of her whose remains they sheltered. The old man then proceeded to speak of the efforts which some one was making to dispossess him of his property; but Mr. H., without heeding him, rushed through the window, glanced hastily at the slab, on which was simply traced these words, "Margaret Infelix," and turned wildly to his companion, exclaiming: "You, then, are Mrs. F. I.'s uncle, Dr. Masham?"

"I am," was the reply. "You knew her by sight?"

"As well as I know my own children. She was equally dear to me."

"And do you mean to say that you, in calm possession of your senses, will deny that you saw her to-day—saw her in the

very center of the aisle, standing the whole time, as it has ever been her custom to do, dressed as she has been accustomed to dress for the last eight months, in shining white silk, with a black instead of a white veil, and that for the first time since her dreadful persecution began, *she spoke to me?* My God, why do I ask this? You *must* have seen it; you sat close by; you might almost have heard her speak. Every one sees and hears us whenever we appear. All must have seen it—seen me, too, as I returned an answer to her."

"Will you permit me to ask what you supposed her to say?" stammered the rector, whose very lips were now becoming livid.

"She said," rejoined Mr. H., "*'We meet for the last time on earth.'*" I felt so confused at hearing her voice, that I could not answer her at once, but overjoyed at the prospect of release from this dreadful persecution, I replied as I returned, "For the last time on earth, remember!"

"O, sir!" continued the unhappy man, speaking with an impetus which proved that the dreadful secret, so long the incubus of his soul, now bursting from lips which had for the first time given vent to the agony of his overcharged heart, would come forth. "O, sir, what a life of insupportable torture has this same most miserable wealth of which you speak, cost me! In my humble curacy, not many miles from this village, I lived happy and respected. I was betrothed to the woman of my choice, a sweet village flower, whose loveliness was her dower, whose purity and truth were the possessions which monarchs might have coveted. We were both orphans, and if the demons of ambition and avarice had not tempted me to aspire to loftier fortunes, O how supremely blessed might I not at this moment have been in the possession of my lost Mary! O Mary, Mary! would I had died for thee! One fatal evening, when it seemed as if some new-born fire kindled up my Sabbath evening address into an unwonted torrent of inspiration, I was accosted after service by a distinguished and fashionably dressed woman, who appeared among us as a stranger. She asked me if I would share her splendid equipage on my way home, as she wished to converse with me. Under the excuse of needing spiritual advice, which I alone was qualified to give, she formed my acquaintance, and soon drew from the sinless heart of youth the hitherto unfathomed aspirations of ambition and avarice, which were gradually developing in my heart. I soon learned that this lady was rich, high born, a widow, and to my utter astonishment I discovered that she was actually enamored of the humble curate and his insignificant pretensions to village fame. I forbear to trace the process by which this terrible arbitress of my fate gained complete mastery over all my better feelings. The temptations of power, dignity, preferment and wealth, were long held out as but feeble lures in opposition to my devoted attachment to my precious mountain flower; but at length I was weak enough to promise that if she would place her fortunes in my hands as a test of her sincerity, I in return would abandon Mary, marry her, and yield up my destiny to her guidance. For the riches I should thus attain, and the quick and lofty church preferment she assured me of, I was contented then to barter my soul to the fiend. When this woman first placed her enormous wealth at my disposal, I honestly declare it was my firm intention to redeem my pledge, and marry her; but alas! alas! who shall stay himself on the swift ocean of crime, when once his bark is launched. The sea of error is shoreless, and death alone can break the spell in its irretrievable pathway. The very hour I found myself in possession of the widow's wealth, I eloped with my first love from my native village. Alas poor Mary! She was as innocent as the slaughtered victim at the altar, of the means whereby I had so suddenly acquired wealth, and the reasons which urged me to insist upon a change of name and temporary concealment. Again I planted my foot on the ground, and vowed I would retrieve the past by a life of charity, usefulness and devotion to my unconscious wife, and again the relentless magnetism of strengthening evil, goaded me on to fresh crime. Scarcely knowing the use or value of the wealth I had abstracted, I squandered it in vice of every kind, in the pursuit of void excitement and lawless anodynes to bitter memory. When, after a few months of reckless and disgraceful extravagance, I found myself once more reduced to extreme poverty, I resolved to return with my poor, broken-hearted Mary to the homes of our childhood, and ascertain how far my character might have suffered in my absence, e'er I ventured to endeavor to establish a little school. As my intrigue with my much wronged victim had been kept entirely secret, even from my wife

herself, I had every hope that I should be enabled to retrieve the past, without any other penalty than such as I might have to pay to an injured woman's vengeance. Alas for me! If I could have foreseen what that was to be, I need have neither feared nor expected anything more terrible. One evening, just as I had completed every arrangement for my intended journey, I returned to the cottage where I had left my wife and a new-born babe, scarcely a week old. I returned to find the cottage and both its precious inmates a heap of ruins—consumed, as it was subsequently made evident, by an incendiary; both mother and child had perished in one burning wreck. When night came, and the crowd of sympathizing neighbors whom the horrible calamity had drawn around me had left me to my unutterable woe, a lady entered my apartment, whom, to my horror and shame, I recognized as Mrs. F. I. "Edward H.!" she began, "coward, traitor and thief! I am yet but partially avenged—watching the favorable moment. I destroyed your wife and child! Seek not to arrest or convict me; the instruments who served me, are beyond your reach; their safety and their silence are bought by a price which places them forever out of your power. Now learn your doom! Go forth and preach, with lying lips, a seducing tongue, and felon's speech! Go forth and teach lessons of virtue and morality; but go where you will, do what you will, say what you will, *living or dead, I will never leave you more!* Till the hour of doom, when we *must* part forever, these lips shall never address you by word or token, but my *presence* shall be your continual shame, the sight of me your everlasting torment, and the consciousness of that presence, a fire which naught but the death of *both* can quench." O, sir, you never can imagine how fearfully that awful denunciation has been visited upon me. These eyes have never beheld her face, that tone of doom has never again sounded in my ears, until to-day, but the horrible consciousness that she was there, the certainty that I could not escape her, the hideous prescience by which she seemed able to divine my most secret plots to elude her vigilance and ever present her appalling presence in my path at every turn, the almost supernatural power with which she enfolded me in her dreadful atmosphere, has been like the aroma of a thick and deadly poison infused into my very life-principle, or a thick shroud drawn between me and the light of the sun, whose terrible veil can only be rent by death."

"But, most unhappy young man," replied the rector, whose heart was deeply moved by this strange recital, "you have been freed from this terrible presence for the last eight months; it is enough that Mrs. F. I. was my niece, that she expired suddenly of a fit of apoplexy in this very house; that I myself pronounced the funeral service over her remains, and that her absence from your path has been the theme of as much comment as her presence used to be."

"It may be so," murmured the young man after a pause, "none ever dared to speak to me, or question me on the subject; none, therefore, would converse with me of her absence. Her name was a secret; none would, therefore, apprise me of her death, if it were known; but when you tell me she has ever been absent from her accustomed place, *that she was not there this morning*, and did not speak the words which I have repeated to you—you ask me to believe that which has been as palpable to me as the light of yonder blessed sun is to you. And now leave me; on this grave I would say a prayer, the first my heart has yearned to breathe for many long years."

His request was complied with, but when the rector returned some hours hence, alarmed by his protracted absence, he found him lying concealed beneath some bushes at a little distance, cold and lifeless as the marble by his side. The old man aided to bear him to the house, sighing as they went—"At last then he is—Edward Felix." The newspaper account of the finale to this tragedy announced that "the specter-haunted minister" had suddenly died of apoplexy; but none of those who knew the details of his strange history, were ever able to decide whether, for eight long months, the veiled lady whom the minister saw was the real or ideal Margaret Infelix.

DOLLAR MARK [8].—Writers are not agreed as to the derivation of the sign to represent dollars. Some say that it comes from the letters U. S., after the adoption of the Federal currency, and which afterwards, in the hurry of writing, were run into one another, the U being made first and the S. over it. Others say that it is derived from the construction of the Spanish word *peaos*, "dollars." Others, from the Spanish word *fuels*, "hard," to distinguish silver from paper money. The more probable explanation is, that it is a modification of the figure 8, and denotes a piece of 8 reals, or as the dollar was formerly called, a piece of eight. It was then designated by the figures 8-8.—*Dictionary of Americanism.*

A SOLACE TO THE AGED.

From letters received during the past week, we make a few extracts for the purpose of showing the effects of the spiritual philosophy upon aged men, who in the honest and confiding sincerity of their hearts bear unsolicited testimony of the hope that inspires them. One aged friend, "J. W. P.," of Wethersfield Springs, Wis., sends us a list of names of persons to whom he wishes us to send specimen numbers of our paper, and says:

"I am seventy-one years of age, and I rejoice that I have found the true doctrine before I have left the form. My wife is a partially-developed medium, which adds to my joy."

Another good old veteran, "F. C.," of Coldwater, Mich., in renewing his subscription for the TELEGRAPH, says:

"I am old and diseased, and know that I must soon leave the old tabernacle of clay that I have inhabited for more than three score and ten years. I am anxious to get all the knowledge I can of the new world to which I am hastening. I am poor, as well as aged, but I find I can do without many other things much better than I can do without the TELEGRAPH."

And a third and still more aged brother, "T. C.," of Whately, Mass., sends us his subscription for paper and books, and concludes as follows:

"I am an old man, seventy-seven years old, but am a firm believer in the spiritual theory, and find it a great comfort in my decline of life."

A fourth friend, "J. D. O.," of Darien, Wis., concludes his letter containing a remittance, thus:

"I am sixty-five years of age, and do not expect to live long, but I intend to take your paper as long as I do live, and can pay for it."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE HUMAN SOUL: A DISCOURSE by Edwin M. Wheelock, at Dover, N. H.

Mr. Wheelock is known to many of our readers as the author of an able essay on the "Natural Law of Christ's Conception," published in the TELEGRAPH of October 3, and October 10. He is a clergyman of the Unitarian denomination, but free from sectarian shackles, and possessing expanded and enlightened views, equally removed from materialistic irreligion on the one hand, and from unreasoning creed-forms on the other. Mr. W. has thus held himself free to entertain the important psychological and other problems of the day, and to give forth the results of his investigation without restriction. The tract now before us, consequently, shows a great advance beyond the current theology and spiritual theories of the popular sects and denominations. While the author disavows the doctrine of the resurrection of the material body, he is equally opposed to that theory, or rather negation of all theory, which conceives no otherwise of the Spirit than that it is a formless unsubstantiality, and contends that the SPIRIT IS THE MAN—the only real man—and that it exists in bodily form, although its body is not material but, spiritual or substantial. In speaking of substance as constituting the body of the Spirit, Mr. W. says:

"By substance we mean something in distinction from nothing. It comprises whatever exists. It takes in all that is. Matter and spirit are both included in substance. But matter takes in only that lowest kind of substance which we perceive by our natural senses, or which is controlled by natural laws: while above it is that higher degree of being called spiritual substance. Now both these grades of being may be distinct from each other, so that one can not see, nor hear, nor touch the other; and yet both be real, and each in its own sphere be visible, audible and tangible. To deny this, is to deny that there is any grade of being other than matter, which denial does away with God."

New Spiritualist Papers.

THE FLOWING FOUNTAIN. R. D. Chalfant, Editor. (Published at 336 Race-street, Philadelphia, at \$2 per year in advance.)

Notice was given in our columns of the intended commencement of this publication, several months ago. The first number is now before us, dated, in advance of time, April 3, after which it is intended to be issued weekly. In its prospectus, the editor says:

"We design it to be what its name purports, a FOUNTAIN of truth flowing from the inexhaustible spring of Nature, God—not devoted exclusively to one idea in anything, but to all truthful reforms that are freeing mankind from physical, mental and spiritual slavery, and to inscribe on the banner of the human soul, in living, immortal characters, PROGRESS AND UNIVERSAL FREEDOM."

In his introductory editorial, he says:

"I have commenced the publication of the *Flowing Fountain*, because I believe that the higher manifestations of truth, need, in Philadelphia, a bold, liberal, honest and independent advocate. There is scarcely (if at all) a journal in this great city, but what may truthfully be said to be the meanest time-servers, or mouth-pieces, of some political, religious or popular sect, denomination or party."

Several spiritualistic articles appear in this number of the *Fountain*, and it is understood that the paper will be fully devoted to the facts and philosophy of the modern spiritual unfolding. It is printed on a large sheet, in the folio form. As to its typography, its literary character—its queen's English, orthography, proof-reading and general style, we prefer to abstain from offering any criticism. We hope at least never to be

the instrument of filling up the *Fountain* with stones; and we think that if it does not freeze up or run dry, it may slake the thirst of some weary travelers over the burning deserts of this life; and we doubt not that its waters may be a little more prepossessing after they shall have had time to deposit their sediment.

"THE PROGRESSIVE FRIEND." Under this title a weekly publication has recently been established at Elgin, Kane Co., Ill., by E. J. Farnum and R. O. Old, as editors. It is a small sheet of eight pages, and is "devoted to an investigation of the facts and philosophy of ancient and modern Spiritualism, and other reforms, both spiritual and temporal. The articles contained in the specimens which have reached us, are short and pretty well diversified, giving a *coup d'oeil* of what is going on from week to week in the spiritualistic ranks. Single copies per year, 75 cents; six copies for \$4, etc.

LORA DALE. Song and Chorus as sung by the Tremaine Family of Brooklyn. W. ds by W. J. Wetmore. M. D. Music by Ned Jackson. Published by John M. Wilson, 435 Broadway, New York; W. S. Mackie, Rochester. Price 25 cents.

This is a sweet little song, with chorus; the music is arranged for the piano-forte, and is simple and pathetic, and will undoubtedly become popular.

BIOGRAPHY OF ELISHA KENT KANE. By Dr. Wm. Elder.

We make the following extract from a notice of this book, published in the Harrisburg (Pa.) *Gazette*. The correspondence alluded to, undoubtedly refers to letters addressed to a worthy young lady in this city, a Spiritualist and notable medium for Spirit-manifestations.

"Already the new book is eulogized as revealing the private character of the subject of the biography, and no blemish would seem to show itself in the authorship. In his preface the author states that he has had access to his private correspondence, and one paper says that it is because the book reveals 'occurrences not generally known' in the great explorer's life, that it is so very attractive. We think the embellishments of Dr. Elder's fine imagination and style have done more than these revelations.

"If no allusion had been made to his private correspondence by the author, and if the claims of revealing all the truly important points of his life had not been set up, less criticism might have been provoked; but, as history and biography can only be of value to the public in proportion to the faithfulness of their record, we must not expect to see any but the very brightest side of the picture from the pen of one warped by strong and interested friendship. It is because we are satisfied that Dr. Elder has only had access to *part* of the Dr.'s private correspondence, and because the book records only the exterior and gilded life of Dr. Kane, that we are obliged to look upon it as defective. There was a deeper under-current in the navigator's life, which the distinguished biographer knew nothing of, and which the family did not place at his disposal. We allude to the love-life of Dr. Kane, the spontaneous feelings which produced the extensive 'private correspondence' with a young lady in New York, in which his real inner existence is manifest. The biography would have been more strictly true if it had revealed the fact of an engagement there, in which his feelings were fully enlisted; but which he repudiated when he returned covered with the tinsel and show of glory, because his friends thought it beneath him to marry one who had not the stamp of dollars and aristocracy to add to his renown. In this his courage failed, and he yielded his own higher feelings to the vain applause of the world. Here he proved himself anything but a man of courage, and to the friends who have been favored with this 'private correspondence,' his claims as 'hero' have quite dwindled away. If he had not allowed the reputation to go before the public, with his sanction, the case would have been quite different; but to the public it did go, while he insisted on keeping up a correspondence with the repudiated one after he went to Cuba, and until near the time of his death. Here is a phase of Dr. Kane's life which should be made public, and if the letters are ever published (an event not likely to occur, we learn) another important leaf can be added to the biography, which has just appeared, and a much truer estimate may be made of 'the private life' of one so eulogized in that department.

"We would not detract from the merits of the book before us. It is attractive in style, and thrillingly interesting in many points, but lacks the true character of the man, as it stops short of the 'whole truth.'"

Short Articles.

Our supply of short articles, with an abundance of which the kindness of our able correspondents has furnished us during several weeks, is now nearly exhausted, and if our contributors will assist us to a re-supply, they will greatly increase the obligations which they have placed us under in times past. Test facts and brief accounts of the condition of our cause in their several localities, are always specially acceptable; but in saying this we do not mean to intimate that properly digested essays on such themes as would probably be interesting to the mass of our readers, would not be received by us as favors. With apologies to their authors for delays, we promise that the few remaining long articles we have on hand, shall be given as rapidly as possible.

Mrs. Hatch's Forthcoming Book.

We are requested to say that Mrs. Hatch's forthcoming volume of lectures will be ready for delivery in two weeks from the present time. It will be embellished with engraved likenesses of Mrs. Hatch and her husband. It will consist of 360 pages; price \$1, and orders received at this office.

NEW YORK CONFERENCE.

SESSION OF MARCH 16.

Dr. GRAY read an extract from Mr. Putnam's pamphlet illustrating the relation of Mesmerism to Spiritualism, and showing both to be the fruit of the same tree in different degrees of ripeness; also some interesting facts in the experience of Mr. Putnam.

The following questions were then presented:

1. Is the spirit of man the consequence or the cause of organic progression?
2. Did matter or spirit first exist?
3. Is matter immortal?
4. Does the spirit of man differ from the consequent amalgamation of matter preceding him in organic life?

Dr. GRAY said: The questions, did matter or spirit first exist? and is matter immortal? are both retrospective and prospective. He answers to the first one, that spirit is prior in the order of phenomenality. Take that iron poker; which is first, force or form? Force, certainly. Force is spirit, and form is matter; and as form perpetually changes, he must answer the other question by saying that matter is not immortal.

Mr. PHENIX also resorted to the poker to show the contrary. He said: This poker can not change until it becomes an oxide, and in that state nothing is altered but the relation of its particles. It still exists as iron, and may be made to take its old form again. The original matter of this poker can not be annihilated, and is therefore immortal. The heaven of that iron, so to speak, may be in the cereals which constitute our food, or in ourselves; but it is still iron, and can be made to re-appear as such. Silica (common flint) enters into the coating of plants, into that of the human hair, the enamel of a bird's bill, etc., etc., but it is silica in every case, and re-appears again as silica upon the decomposition by fire of the substances with which it is combined. Matter, as seen in these and every other instance where man has been able to trace its history, is both immortal and progressive, but it is still matter, whether existing as the component of an archangel, or as primitive rock. But if immortal, then why may we not answer the second inquiry by saying that it *always* existed; or, in other words, that it antedates spirit? His present opinion is that it does not; but how is this to be shown by analogy?

Dr. GRAY said: One reason that matter, as such—iron, for example—can not be prior to spirit, or remain iron in perpetuity, is furnished by the fact recognized by Mr. Phenix, that it is subject to progression, which is simply development of spirit. The iron, or the carbon, or the silica, etc., by becoming a portion of a living organism, is an essential advance beyond its original condition, and no longer exists as primitive or simple iron. Neither can it be perfectly returned to the original state from which the vegetable or animal life-forces have raised it, as the facts of growth so often, and so very ably collated by Mr. Phenix, abundantly show. The silicated potash derived from a burning hay stack is never again the potash of the primitive forest, and this in turn differs from that which is obtained from the rock; and so of all the others. If this were otherwise, development or spirit-progression would not be possible; but as the law is, the oxide of iron of to-day is not the oxide of iron of to-morrow, and so on. Hence perpetuity is not predicable of material forms. His mode of considering it is this: Back of form is force, and back of force is use, which is the real life center and only indestructible substance, causing the phenomenon we call matter. *The eternal thing is use; matter or form is nothing else than transitory position of it in infinite development. Use first, then force, which is the machinery of use, then form, which is its transitory presentment or body as to our senses—God alone, being all uses in one, is the eternal and unchangeable—the final and sole priority.*

Mr. PHENIX said: True, God alone is the unchangeable, but matter, though changeable, must be held also as the same in substance. That is to say, a crystal of iron is *always* a crystal of iron, find it where you will. Taken from the blood, or from the forge, no matter what progress it may have made, or have assisted other substances to make, it is invariably a dodecahedron in form—always a crystal of iron. But to the question: Did matter exist prior to spirit, he answers, No. We can find no matter without spirit. Chemistry fails to explain the phenomena which matter everywhere presents, without recognizing a spirit resident within it. Not even electricity, that grand scape-goat for scientific pretences, that bottomless receptacle of unknown causes, which is to present science what the Devil was to past theology, can alter (though it may retard or hasten) the form of crystallization. Under whatever conditions it takes place, its figures are the same. This invariability reveals to us a force behind all the known imponderables, a force which manifests the property of intelligence, and which enables it to obey natural law, which is the will of God. Spirit is the motor which molds matter into use. We can say only of spirit, that it is, and is the primary cause of all phenomenality.

Mr. CORN thinks matter and spirit are one and the same. Matter is the outside and spirit the inside of the same substance. It is as much a part of matter as flavor is of an apple. They are developed in union, and one is like the other, just as the flavor of the apple accords with its state of growth and maturity. Or, take the whole tree—the fruit, flowers, leaves, branches, trunk and roots—what is the whole in combination, but an outside expression of what is included in the germ? He thinks Mr. Phenix shows the identity of matter and spirit, when he affirms the omnipresence of spirit in matter. It is more refined and subtle, doubtless, than rock; steam is less gross than water, but it is still matter—substance. So is spirit. They may perhaps be said to stand related to each other as male and female—husband and wife; and

EVENING MEDITATIONS.

ROCHESTER, March 5, 1858.

It is night. The clear sky reveals the beautiful and sublime glories of heaven, reflecting their silvery light on the cold earth, thickly mantled with her seasonable garment of snow.

I am alone—yet not alone—for the soft whispers of the dear and loved of other days, reach me from the bright sphere of angels. I love them still. They dance around my weary head, and throw their joyous music into my spirit, dispelling the irksome cares of life, and repelling the unwelcome thoughts of wrong and inquietude, which envelop the denizens of earth. O, how beautiful those dear sisters and children appear! What calm serenity and peace encircle their radiant forms as they touch my soul with their immortal sympathies, and bid me onward and upward look for friends and friendships, that fade not nor perish with the changes of eternal change. How complacently they smile in the sunlight that never yields to darkness, never grows dim with age, nor less effulgent in the endless cycles of eternity! They speak not in songs that vibrate on the external ear; not in words that echo along the horizon of human life, wounding with their antagonisms and discords the quiet spirit; not in boasted deeds that proclaim a charity begrudged, a sensuality indulged, a friend betrayed, an enemy conquered, or a slave secured; but in sympathy and love that thrills my whole being with its living melody, and radiates its unearthly light from the center to the circumference of any ranging sphere.

O, tell me not that my imagination pictures the unreal, that my soul is filled with dreams, or that my fancy shapes the blissful smile of guardian angels who watch over me! Tell me not that my senses deceive me, that nature is untrue to herself, that all history of the ministry of angels is but a fable, that human experience in ages past and present is a cheat; nor yet, indeed, that my eyes, my ears, and my consciousness are unworthy of trust; for, without these, what is man? and who is he, denying these, who will presume to admonish and caution me against delusion and error? Alas! no greater proof of delusion need be sought, than what is found in the person who repudiates the senses, with which he is endowed, to evade the force of truth.

May I not see, and hear, and feel something which some others have not, and may they not know and understand things which I do not? Must I yield the facts of my own experience to another's skepticism, because he has avoided the path in which my convictions are to be found; and would he consider it generous in me to demand the like of him, or a commendation of his virtue were he to yield his knowledge to my vain conceit? Must we submit the question of facts to the unqualified umpire of ignorance, prejudice, or interested caprice? And must I forego the sweet visits of loving friends from the bright sunlight of eternity, who come in the glory of immortals to unfold my weak spirit, and prepare me for higher mansions, to secure me the applause of fashionable life? and must I deny my own soul to retain the favor of God and man?

Never, no, never, let my conscience be defiled with the mercenary taint of hypocrisy, nor my integrity be sullied with the evanescent vaporings of deceit, the outward emoluments of praise, bought at the cost of truth and all that merits the approbation of good men and angels! Mock on, if you will; scorn, if you must; deride, if you choose; but leave me alone in my communion with the pure in heaven, to which my deathless Spirit will, ere long, wend its way.

I have chosen my faith; I have resolved on my course; and my responsibilities are weighed in the scales of eternal justice. I envy no man or woman in their ignorance, and I shall quarrel with no person who assumes to be his own judge of right and wrong. My convictions are my own, and the satisfaction which I enjoy in the delightful visits I receive from those whose mortal remains have returned to dust, is my stay and support amid the unstable and vacillating things of the earth-life. I envy not the oppressor in his gain wrung from the down-trodden, nor the slave who is goaded by his misgoverned passions, or cringes against conscience at the behest of popular opinions, thereby starving a mind destined to live when craven sycophancy shall be remembered only to be pitied or abhorred.

There are seasons approaching the living, when the needs of the "inner man" will not be content with the glitter of wealth, or the empty bubble of fame and renown; when the riches of the external world will "flee like a shadow," and all hope in transitory things recede like an ocean wave from the shore; when the soul will pant for the realities it has derided and scorned.

If this be so, then we have Scripture authority for the inference that they are both one.

Mr. PHENIX wished to remind Mr. Coles that pomologists could change the flavor of an apple, which would seem to indicate that an apple and its flavor were not identical. If an apple and its flavor are one and the same, then an apple and a damp cellar may be the same, for an apple may be made to taste and smell very strongly of it. That interesting item in family marketing, known as butter, is produced by a strength quite other than that which characterizes the odor and flavor which it emits under certain conditions.

Dr. GRAY said: Though he had listened to the discussion of these questions with much satisfaction, he would like to ask another: What is the difference between mesmeric and spiritual phenomena? or, if any, how are we to discriminate between them?

Mr. SMITH said: The questions previously presented are important and all-embracing. Before Spiritualism can fulfill its destiny or become what he thinks it will be, we must go to its foundation, which, on examination, will be found very broad. He thinks matter and spirit co-existent and inseparable; and this explains the omnipresence of Deity, and accounts for all the facts in the universe.

Mr. LEVY was interested in knowing whether spirit can be without matter any more than matter can be without spirit; because, if it can not, then we have a natural basis upon which to rest our immortality, instead of some Jesus which forms the staple of sectarian faith in a future life. Nature thoroughly understood, reveals to us the perfect naturalness of Spiritualism.

Dr. HAMLOCK said: There are two questions which bear with special cogency upon the attention of Spiritualists at the present time. One is an inquiry as to the significance, meaning and intent of what is known as modern Spiritualism. Considering it as a fact, what does it signify? If it be a force actually set to work in this world, it must tend to some end, and it is necessary we should have a glimpse, at least, of what that end is; because, if our efforts in its behalf traverse the original purpose it may have set out to accomplish, they must utterly fail, however well intended they may be on our part. He would attempt no more at this time than to indicate his method of solving the problem. He would first ascertain the significance of longer observed, less intricate, and generally recognized facts and truths. As for example, the protest of Martin Luther, followed as it was by a regular series of protestations; then the rebellion of American political liberty against the highest form of European constitutional freedom. Having seriously considered these, he would turn back to an earlier page in the history of Spiritualism, to ascertain how these partially-grown up facts stand related to certain memorable utterances therein recorded—utterances which have won for themselves, in the estimation of millions, the title of *divine*. Some of these, in substance, are—Call no man master. There will come a time when every man shall know the Lord for himself; when the Lord shall teach his people himself; when every man shall sit under his own vine, etc., etc. Now, looking back from these notable facts of religious and civil protestation, which was in every case the protest of liberty against slavery, we discover that these events and those ancient utterances are connected by a right line—they are prophecy running on to its fulfillment, truth being born into fact. But they are truth and fact not yet come to publicity, which indicates that something more is wanting. Obviously, however, whatever that more may be, it must stand in a right line with these other two, and can not deviate by so much as a hair's breadth, from the direction which they are taking. Reversing our observation, looking forward from these truths of prophecy, through these facts of fulfillment, completely in range with them, we find—what? Their perfect analogue—another chapter in the eternal history of Spiritualism and human progress. Spiritualism, then, in the light of both prophecy and fact, means liberty—not slavery, not anarchy. Let him who would labor in its name, put no shackles upon his soul. The other question is that suggested by Dr. Gray. We need not travel outside of our Conference reports, to be certified of the pressing necessity of a sound discrimination between the facts of Spiritualism and the facts of Mesmerism. Mistaking the latter for the former, we not only get a foolish conception of the spiritual world, but make fools of ourselves at the same time, and so lose the true significance, genuine character and real value of both. Adjourned. R. T. HALLOCK.

THE JUDGMENT STATE.

MR. PARTRIDGE:

Mrs. Thomas, of Newville, Ind., wishes to announce to the world, and to Spiritualists in particular, through the medium of the TELEGRAPH, that she is a medium for Spirits, and has daily intercourse with them—that she has already experienced the change from the mortal to the immortal state—that she is now passing through the judgment period, and advancing toward the higher spheres. She was partially developed as a writing-medium while in her earthly state, but that influence is now withdrawn, yet she confidently expects soon to be again developed, not only as a writing, but a healing medium. She feels it to be her duty to make this public statement, and hopes by taking up her cross and faithfully performing all the duties made known to her by her Spirit-friend, to advance more rapidly in the spheres.

GRACEY THOMAS.

We publish the above because Mrs. Thomas and her friend request it. It is by no means remarkable that Mrs. Thomas should be a medium for Spirits to communicate with mortals, but if anything is meant by "experiencing the change from mortal to the immortal state," or that she is "now passing through the judgment period, etc.," we do not understand it. We would always counsel moderation under the power of a new faith. There is often much more to be learned than is at first apprehended.

The day is not distant, when the serious demands of nature will dissolve organized forms of dust, and summons its tenement before the judgment-seat of justice, where all deceit, hypocrisy and ignorance, will weigh nothing in extenuation of guilt, nor advance one jot or tittle the prospective interests of those who have neglected the cultivation and improvement of their minds, by which they are incapacitated to enjoy those heavenly spheres that are unpolluted with crime and unstained with ingratitude and wrong. There is a season approaching, when truth shall be valued, and the needs of the immortal mind be felt, as centering in something more enduring than earthly merchandise, and when that something will be found indispensable to the innate goings-forth of the spirit. There is a period coming, not distant to any pilgrim of earth, when the interests of the mind—the development of its powers and the expansion of its thoughts, will be improved, when it will feel the importance of knowing God in his works, and the limitless creations of beauty that adorn the infinite fullness of nature; when it will struggle to control its own destiny, fulfill its immortal mission, unfold its own capacity, learn the lesson of its own immortality, the laws of nature and human sympathy, and feel a sublime consciousness of surviving the wreck of dissolving organizations, to meet and mingle in the sensible presence of such society as mental and moral worth qualify it to enjoy.

These thoughts are crowding themselves upon us at each advancing step of human life; and cast them off as we may, the reality of changing our social position by exchanging spheres, is never farther removed. That time draweth nearer and nearer, day by day, and who is prepared to meet it? Who is sure of gain by the transition? Who feels that, in such an event, the spirit lives, and loves, and enjoys the pure sympathy of those who have gone before?

But it is night. The world is in darkness, save the light of the beautiful stars, that shed their feeble radiance on the earth, like angels who watch over us, to guard us from despair more unwelcome than a moonless and starless midnight. C. HAMMOND.

ASTONISHING AND MIRACULOUS CURES.

DARIEN CENTRE, GENESSEE CO., N. Y., Feb., 1858.

MR. PARTRIDGE:

Dear Sir—Permit me, if you please, to pen a few lines to you, setting forth a few facts that have occurred in this place, purporting to be of that class of phenomena known as spiritual. I see statements in your valuable paper of similar manifestations taking place in different sections of our country; I do not remember seeing any in regard to this particular spot.

Four years ago I moved to this place. I was then a Spiritualist, and something of a medium. I have been a constant attendant of circles for six years. When not enjoying the privilege of meeting with others, my wife and myself would sit for manifestations, she, too, being a medium. From two to three years after coming here, our little circle could not count more than four or five members. All was opposition around, yet we were unmoved in our determinations.

Two years ago we got the first great test that set the minds of the opposition in motion. My father was taken sick; he called his physician, but continued to grow worse, until his physician pronounced his case hopeless. The disease was typhoid fever, with inflammation on the brain. I heard the decision of his physician with those emotions that none but a child can have for a fond and loving parent. Yet I had hope in Spirit-power; I started immediately for Albion for Dr. Fellows, he being then the nearest healing medium I knew of, and withal, an old school-mate of mine. I had been his associate from a boy to manhood; I knew the stand he had taken, and I knew some mighty power must move him.

It was seven o'clock in the evening before I found the doctor, and got ready to start for home. We now had between thirty and forty miles to travel—a cold night, and a rough road—yet we must get there before one o'clock, or all was lost; for, said the doctor when I first saw him, "your father is yet alive; he might live twelve hours yet; if I can reach him by one o'clock, I can save him." He asked me no questions; I gave him no information touching his case, except that I said to him, "Father is very sick; I want you to go and see him;" yet he described his case as readily as though he had been with him through all his sickness. At halfpast twelve we entered the house; the doctor immediately went to his room, took him by the hand, made a few passes over him, and said, "Sir, you shall be healed; cease now thy unequal action;" and such a change I never

saw before in any person. The eye that had become thick and glassy was restored to its wonted brilliancy; the fevered brain, the clammy touch of the skin, were all removed. Consciousness was restored, so much so that he now conversed with the doctor and a number of his children that were around his bed. All this did not occupy the space of ten minutes. Not one particle of medicine was given. I went into the room with the doctor, stood by him while there. A number of others were in the room all the time, and all will testify to the facts if one doubts them. From that time he grew better; in a few days he was walking about, and within three weeks was in his store doing business.

The next case was one of inflammation on the lungs, the patient being Mrs. Long. This case, I am told, was considered very dangerous, if not hopeless. Dr. Fellows got there in the evening, and the next morning the lady was about the house doing work.

The same day the doctor came to my house with Mr. Long, the husband of the lady above mentioned. I informed the doctor of Mrs. Lombard, near by, who was very sick with a fever. I had just come from there; she was so low that she could not be left ten minutes at a time. This was about twelve at noon. About two o'clock P. M., the doctor, Mr. Long and myself, went there. Within fifteen minutes the doctor got her up; she dressed herself, and walked about the house. At five o'clock of the same afternoon, she helped to set the table for tea, and has continued to do her daily labor up to the present time.

Another case was that of the son of Mr. F. Chapin, with inflammation on the lungs, so low that he had to be lifted from the bed in the sheets. He was made to get up himself, walk across the room twice within a few minutes, and in five days was out doors at play. All this without giving any medicine whatever.

The next case which I shall notice is that of Ann E. Brush. Her disease was quick consumption; she doctored until her physician said no medicine on earth could do her any good, and he left her in the hands of her friends, as the greatest blessing he was able to confer. Here, now, was a case to test the power of Spirit-healing. The whole left portion of the body was paralyzed by a shock of palsy; she could not move even a finger; her speech was injured, so that it was difficult to understand her wants. Day by day she grew more feeble, until it seemed that dissolution was taking place. Not a movement of a muscle, or a pulsation could be perceived. All had the appearance of a corpse, except a slight tinge of red upon the lips; and by placing the ear to the mouth, a breath might be felt. Yet there was one of our circle who said she could be healed through Spirit aid. A company of six from our circle (for by this time you must know our little circle has increased to twenty-five or thirty) was chosen to form a circle around her every day. But a short time elapsed before a change for the better was plain to be seen. Within one week the palsied limbs began to have action; within four weeks she was walking about the house. It is now some six or seven weeks since she was the lowest; it is but a day or two ago that I helped her from a carriage in which she had rode a good half mile, and she said, "I am going back home to-day; I feel strong—almost well." And so she is—a walking monument of Spirit-power and healing. She has taken no medicine since her doctor left her.

The above are some of the most prominent facts, though I have more that I might give, but it is not necessary now. If these will not satisfy, more, it seems to me, would be cumbersome. We have now four or five good seeing mediums, a number of speaking, and two or three good healing mediums in our circle. We have had the Rev. C. Hammond, Mr. Seaver and others, to lecture for us a number of times.

I have been more lengthy than I intended in the commencement, yet it may be of some benefit to some who spend their time in wrangling and quarrelling about Spirits and Spiritualists. The same power that heals claims to be Spirit. It matters not to me; I would not force any to believe that it is or is not. The effects should satisfy every candid mind who sympathizes with suffering humanity, that it is something for man's good. Let us look at this, and the cause will take care of itself.

Yours truly, S. N. VICKERY.

The durability of oak may be known from the fact, that the throne of Edward the Confessor is eight hundred years old—one of the oaken coronation chairs has been in the present situation in Westminster Abbey about five hundred and forty years; and the oldest wooden bridge of which we have any account, is of oak—it is that famous for its defense by Horatius Cocles and which existed four hundred years before Christ.

THE HUMAN MIND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TELEGRAPH:

Sir—You doubtless remember my demurrer to your proposition, that the empirical is the only source of human knowledge. Having, then, proceeded to show that experience exclusively is not able to supply us with such notions as necessity, you may have thought that, like Kant, I decided for these an *a priori* origin; but I do not.

I think, with Locke, the inaugurator of the empirical, or sensational, or positive school, that the mind, i. e., the intellect of the particular individual, is at first a *tabula rasa* in all respects, excepting, of course, its faculties; in short, that we possess no intuitions.

Undoubtedly, the notion of goodness and deformity, badness and beauty, have their origin in our emotional (feeling) nature; but the intellect has to discover what are the fit objects to which our emotions should be adapted.

Then, what is true to the intellect, should be good to the emotional nature; but obviously to acquire the true, there is no need of intuitions.

I depart from the same point as Locke does, and follow the same way of transit, but pursue it to its farthest terminus.

Practically, we are conscious of notions which we can not derive from our elementary faculties; but simultaneously we perceive that without them these notions could not exist.

Now, the manner in which we are conscious of obtaining them is this: The elementary faculties provide the data; the faculty of reasoning perceives the conclusion, which is a new truth, wholly distinct from any truth revealed by the data individually.

In other words, certain elementary cognitions, *plus* the faculty of reason, necessitate what could not otherwise be known; and although we trace the dependence of the new truth upon the premises, we can no more detect it in them, severally (instance, as we see the particular in the general), than we can detect water in oxygen and hydrogen severally.

Thus we perceive that the primary data are not, as Kant said, *a priori* (first principles, universal and necessary), educed from the human mind itself; but they follow as naturally from the relations of the human faculties to the outer world as talking from the possession of the faculty of language and a vocal apparatus.

Men reasoned spontaneously (implicitly)—it was unavoidable that they should—long ere they became aware explicitly of the order of what took place in the unexplored recesses of the mind, just as the human physical displayed its functions thousands of years before Aristotle became aware of its order.

In answer to your untenable position mentioned above, I have in the foregoing, presented, in an elementary and sententious form, my views of that part of our knowledge which is not strictly derived from experience alone.

There is an immense difficulty in adapting such expositions to the easy comprehension of those who, while perhaps earnestly desiring more knowledge, yet rarely, if ever at all, exercise their faculties of abstraction and analysis, except as to those facts constantly obtruded on their perceptions. EPOCH.

THE REVIVALS—FOREBODINGS.

THOMPSON, CONN., March 12, 1858.

MR. PARTRIDGE:

Sir—Permit me who is a stranger to you (but to whom you are not altogether a stranger) to address you. My reasons for so doing are these: I see in the TELEGRAPH of March 6, a piece headed "REVIVALS OF RELIGION," in which the writer, after giving some interesting accounts of its present progress in New York, declares that not only there, but from the East, North, and West does the news of this prevailing excitement come pouring in upon us; and then winds up by saying, "We shall keep our eye on these movements, and endeavor to obtain the elements of a judgment as to what they really mean."

Permit me to inform that writer, who ever he is, that his eye is not the only one that is now on the watch for a similar object; for so far as I can learn, this religious excitement is universal. It has existed in this part of Connecticut for the last three months to an extent hitherto unknown, and from all sides we hear the question asked, "What does this all mean?" Now, Sir, I am a Spiritualist, and also a medium, and have been for the last six years. I was first a tipping, then writing, then a speaking, but more recently I have been an impressional medium, which is to me, at least, the best of all, and the most

accurate. So I, like many others, have been led to inquire what this all should mean; and to me the answer is clear and plain, coming not from man, or from any earthly source; but 'tis to me the voice of the interior speaking forth in a language not to be misunderstood or misrepresented; to the effect that God, in this wonderful display of his mercy, is now preparing the inhabitants of earth for some unforeseen judgment which is soon to follow. And my mind is somewhat strengthened (or rather its convictions are) on this point by an article in the *Spiritual Age* of February 27, from the pen of G. M. Henderson, in which it appears that he was informed that what had been told him about one year ago was true, and that all was not revealed even then—referring to an article which appeared in the TELEGRAPH of April 25, 1857, which claimed to be a vision of the future that was to be realized in this very portion of our land that is now so wonderfully visited with mercy. And I wish to ask you, or some one of your many readers, if we are to

"Suspect some danger nigh,
When we possess delight."

As Dr. Watts (I think it is) expresses it? Are we to look for a solution of this wonderful mystery in this way? Or does God in visiting the earth with any judgment come upon it unawares? I think that whoever will look back to the year 1831 will then find the accounts of a similar excitement, though not so extensive; and the records of 1832 show that a judgment followed in the appearance of the cholera. May it not be so now? This is my view of the subject. Will you or some one else please give through the columns of the TELEGRAPH, the ideas they have, and oblige. LEVI KINNE.

RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

CAMPVILLE, March 1, 1858.

FRIEND PARTRIDGE:

I have been for some time watching the tendency of spiritualistic theology, and imagine that I see it gradually assuming the form of what might be termed Orthodoxy born again. From being, as in the earlier stages of modern Spiritualism, regarded as a myth of the early Christians, Christ is coming to be regarded as a veritable—yea, an almost demonstrated—scientific union of the Divine and human. Indeed, a late writer in the TELEGRAPH has presented a view of the atonement of Christ, which appears quite respectable by the side of the fundamentally Orthodox atonement, so universally rejected by Spiritualists.

But among all the contributors to your good paper, who have continued to enlighten us as to "who, what and where is Christ," I recollect but one who has even touched the question of his resurrection, that is, of his body. Will you, Mr. Editor, or some of your many able contributors, clear away the fog a little, that seems to hang between the real, *bona fide* body-resurrection of the primitive Christians, and the purely spiritual resurrection of modern Spiritualists.

Christ himself says (Luke 24: 39—42): "A Spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have;" and "he took it (the fish and honey comb) and did eat before them." St. Paul says, "For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ risen. Your faith is vain, and ye are yet in your sins."

Is the resurrection of the body an unreasonable, an unscientific doctrine? If Jesus could have "flesh and bones," and still have power to ascend to the heavens, may not others also?

Your paper gives numerous instances of really tangible human forms, manifested by Spirit-power. Why limit this power to what we have seen? Why may not the race become so far spiritualized as to permit a general resurrection of departed Spirits, and even, in due time, the dropping, "in the twinkling of an eye," of all the grosser particles of the flesh of those still in the form? And still farther, Why may we not finally look for the personal, bodily descent of Jesus, the Christ, to the bodily resurrected plane or sphere of humanity, then and there to become the grand Medium, and glorious Leader of the race, in its endlessly progressive march toward the Infinite? Why not? E. D.

STARTLING INEQUALITY OF THE SEXES.—The far West, as we have before stated, is sadly in want of women. In Oregon the census shows 26,000 males to 16,000 females. An exchange recommends a compromise with the Mormons, pronouncing the inequality in this land of equal rights, where one man in Utah can have seventy-five wives, and ten thousand Oregonians can not have even one wife, as beyond endurance. When the men of old Rome, under Romulus wanted wives, they made a descent upon the Sabines. The men of Oregon might take a hint and give to modern history a new version of the ancient legend. The women of the modern harems would undoubtedly, if all accounts are true, be most happy to change their servitude, and be duly grateful to their rescuers.

Interesting Miscellany

O GUIDE THY BARK WITH CARE.

BY DR. J. R. ORTON.

O guide thy bark with care, my child!
A thousand dangers hide
Along the current, now so mild,
Of the river thou must ride.
And golden lights will dance anon,
To lure thee from that way;
O heed them not! push on! push on!
And tell thy tempters, nay.

O guide thy bark with care, my child!
These dangers can not harm.
While thou dost keep thy soul unsoiled,
Thy feelings pure and warm.
The world may threaten, keep thy boat
Straight, where thine angel beaks;
Push on! push on! and thou shalt float
Safe, 'mid a thousand wrecks.

O guide thy bark with care, my child!
The waves will oft run high.
And storms will rage around thee wild,
And night will hide the sky.
But do not quit the helm, my boy;
Hold on! hold on! hold on!
No hurricane can thee destroy,
Until thy work is done.

Clouds may shut in like shrouds of death—
Loud breakers at thy bow;
But courage and a manly faith
Will save thee even now.
These twin will part the clouds, and free,
And show thee dawning day.
Push on! a voice shall speak to thee,
And point thee out thy way.

MR. SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE.

A bazaar, in aid of the funds for the erection of a large tabernacle for Mr. Spurgeon, opened on Tuesday, at the Surrey Music Hall. The Hall was decorated with flags, and various specimens of needlework, jewelry and fancy articles were arranged upon stalls on the floor. A platform was erected on the spot hitherto occupied by the orchestra, upon which was displayed a variety of goods for sale under the superintendence of Mr. Spurgeon, and in all parts of the building were to be seen photographic portraits of that gentleman, of all sizes, framed, for pictures and for the stereoscope. At three o'clock Mr. Spurgeon, according to the programme, lectured in the refreshment room. He selected for his subject the pleasures that might be enjoyed by Christian persons. He recommended that asceticism should be avoided; but at the same time he warned his hearers against those things which were called pleasures, but which the conscience told were not pleasures that should be indulged in by a Christian person. Of this class he instanced evening parties where persons met together in white kid gloves, stared at one another, and talked nonsense; and declared that for his part he would rather stop at home than undergo the misery of such amusements. He believed that if some persons advertised bottles of water as a most delectable drink, the draught would soon be considered a great delicacy, and that many things pleased merely because they were called pleasures. With regard to dancing, his opinion was, that it was a most healthy exercise, and should be freely indulged in; but he thought males and females should dance apart, the ordinary practice of coupling the sexes in the dance being productive of unholy thoughts. Games of skill he saw no objection to, but games of chance could be said to be productive of no beneficial result, and, as in the case of Messrs. Palmer and Cooke, had led to evil consequences, which the countenance of Lord Derby could not counteract. The rattle of dice-boxes always reminded him of the casting of lots at the foot of the cross for the vesture of the Saviour, and he did not think it became any Christian to touch them. But it was no use giving advice on those matters, for most persons had made up their minds upon them and only sought some authority to excuse that which their consciences told them was not right. Religion, he declared, was never intended to make our pleasures less, and he advised all to despise conventionalism in their enjoyment, but to avoid those pleasures which the conscience condemned. Referring, in conclusion, to the object with which the meeting had taken place, he thanked those who were in attendance for their assistance, and stated that up to the present time £5,200 had been raised toward the erection of the tabernacle, the total cost of which would be £20,000.—*London Daily News.*

A COMFORTABLE ESTABLISHMENT.—A correspondent of the New York Independent, thus describes the domain of the Duke of Devonshire: The domain of the Duke of Devonshire would cover one of our largest counties. The park immediately surrounding the palace is eleven miles in circumference and contains 3,000 acres. The principal garden for vegetables, fruits, green-houses, etc., is twenty-five acres. There are thirty green-houses, each from fifty to seventy-five feet long. We went into three or four containing nothing but pine-apples ripe; others nothing but melons and cucumbers. One peach-tree on the glass wall measures fifty-one feet in width and fifteen feet high, and bears one thousand peaches. It is the largest in the world. The grape-houses, five or six in all, are 600 feet long, and such grapes! We saw pine-apples weighing ten or fifteen pounds each. One green-house had only figs, another only mushrooms. But what will be said of the great conservatory, filled with every variety of tropical plants? It is one of the wonders of the world. It covers an acre of ground, is 100 feet high, of oval shape, and cost \$500,000. It is heated by steam and hot water pipes, which in all are six miles in length. The apparatus consumes 600 tons of coal in a year. We saw banana-trees twenty feet high, with clusters of fruit, sugar-canes, coffee-trees, bamboo, and in short, every tropical plant that can be named. Several of the palm-trees are from fifty to sixty feet high. The smoke of the immense fire underneath is carried in pipes under ground to an outlet in the woods. The coal is brought in a tunnel 600 yards under ground. One fountain throws a jet of water to the height of 275 feet.

HEAVY CHRISTIANS.—There were weighty men in the Baltimore conference that assembled in Baltimore, May 1, 1799. In Jesse Lee's Journal occurs this entry: "After we had finished our business in conference, four of the largest preachers among us went to a store and weighed. My weight was 239 pounds; Sully Burrus, 252 pounds; Thomas Lucas, 245; and Thomas F. Sargent's—father of Rev. T. B. Sargent—220, in all 976; a wonderful weight for four Methodist preachers, and all of us travel on horseback." The weight of John Wesley was only 120 pounds.

A NEW WAY OF PAYING SUBSCRIPTIONS.

A correspondent of the *Lagrange Whig* gives the following amusing account of the way a farmer was taught how cheaply he could take the papers. The lesson is worth pondering by a good many men we "wot of."

"You have hens at home, of course. Well, I will send you my paper for one year for the proceeds of a single hen for one season—merely the proceeds. It seems trifling, preposterous, to imagine the products of a single hen will pay the subscription; perhaps it won't but I make the offer."

"Done!" exclaimed farmer B—; "I agree to it," and he appealed to me as a witness in the affair."

The farmer went away, apparently much elated with his conquest, and the editor went on his way rejoicing.

Time rolled around. The farmer received his paper regularly, and regaled himself with the information from it. He not only knew the affairs of his own county, but became conversant upon the leading topics of the day, and the political and financial convulsions of the times. His children delighted, too, in perusing the contents of their weekly visitor. In short, he said, "he was surprised at the progress in himself and family in general information."

Some time in the month of September I happened up again in the office, when he should enter but our old friend, farmer B—

"How do you do, Mr. B—?" said the editor, extending his hand, and his countenance lit up with a bland smile; "take a chair, sir, and be seated; fine weather we have."

"Yes, sir, quite fine indeed," answered the farmer; and then a short silence ensued, during which our friend B— hitched his chair backward and forward, twirled thumbs abstractedly, and spit profusely. Starting up quickly, he said, addressing the editor:

"Mr. D—, I have brought you the proceeds of that hen."

It was amusing to see the peculiar expression of the editor as he followed the farmer down to the wagon. I could hardly keep my risibles down.

When at the wagon, the farmer commenced handing over to the editor the products of the hen, which, on being counted, amounted to eighteen pullets worth a shilling each, and a number of dozen of eggs, making in the aggregate, at the least calculation, \$2 50—half a dollar more than the price of the paper.

"No need," said he, "of men not taking a family newspaper, and paying for it, too. I don't miss this from my roost, yet I have paid for a year's subscription, and half a dollar over. All folly, sir; there's no man but can take a paper; it's charity, sir; charity, you know, commences at home."

"But," resumed the editor, "I will pay for what is over the subscription. I did not intend this a means of profit, but rather to convince you. I will pay you for"—

"Not a bit of it, sir; a bargain is a bargain, and I am already repaid sir—double paid, sir. And whenever a neighbor makes the complaint I did, I will relate to him the hen-story. Good day, gentlemen."

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.—A Columbus, Ohio, correspondent writes the following, under date of March 6: "Yesterday morning, a convict sent to the penitentiary from Cuyahoga county, in 1855, received a pardon from our worthy Governor. There were connected with this case some interesting features. The young man was convicted and sent to the penitentiary on testimony thought at the time to be rather indefinite. After remaining some time in the penitentiary he made his escape. After traveling two nights, and on the morning of the second day, he perceived a lady fitting out her children to go to school; and after waiting till they were gone, he made the acquaintance of the lady, and obtained refreshments and a suit of citizen's clothes. He left, and about 40 miles south of Cleveland obtained employment, and sent to the lady \$40, the result of his labor. He then went to the East; engaged in business; and has been eminently successful. He did not forget, in his prosperity, the lady who had befriended him, but sent her \$200 more. Time has developed his innocence of the crime for which he was convicted. Yesterday he came here and voluntarily surrendered himself at the penitentiary. A petition, signed by judge, jury, and sixty-six members of the bar of Cuyahoga, and certified to by the members of the General Assembly from that county, was presented to the proper authority, and a pardon granted. One heart, at least, was made glad."

SMALL TALK.—But of all the expedients to make the heart lean, the brain crazy, and to thin life down into the consistency of a cambric kerchief, the most successful is the little talk and tattle which, in some charmed circles, is courteously styled conversation. How human beings can live on such meagre fare—how continue existence in such a famine of topics and on such a short allowance of sense—is a great question, if philosophy could only search it out. All we know is, that such men and women there are, who will go on from fifteen to four score, and never a hint on their tombstones, that they died at last of consumption of the head and marasmus of the heart! The whole universe of God, spreading out its splendors and terrors, pleading for their attention, and they wonder "where Mrs. Somebody got that divine ribbon to her bonnet?" The whole world of literature, through its thousand trumps of fame, adjuring them to regard its garnered stores of emotion and thought, and they think, "It's high time, if John intends to marry Sarah, for him to pop the question!" When, to be sure, this spiced with a little envy and malice, and prepares its small dishes of scandal, and nice bits of detraction, it becomes endowed with a slight venomous vitality, which does pretty well, in the absence of soul, to carry on the machinery of living, if not the reality of life.—*E. P. Whipple.*

HENRY AVELING.—An English poet has published a volume of poems entitled "Poetic Hours." They are marked by religious feeling. The following is a specimen:—

NEVER PART IN ANGER.
Never part in anger—
Mortals! ye are frail!
Soon in Deaths' languor,
Fiery cheeks may pale:
Thy foe may fade ere thou forgive;
Or thou, all wrath, may'st cease to live.

Never part unkindly—
Lovers! ye are weak!
If ye utter blindly
Thoughts ye need not speak,
Go, turn your haste to pity's side,
While pity still may vanquish pride.

Never part in anger—
Mortal! thou art frail!
Soon, in Death's cold languor,
Fiery cheeks may pale:
'Twill sadden all thy term of life,
To bury friend or foe in strife.

GOING AHEAD.

The following interesting table, which refers to the year 1855, showing the comparative safety of railway traveling in England and America, is given by Captain Clarke, in a report laid before the Parliament of Victoria, Australia:

	Great Britain.	United States.
Passengers killed.....	1 in 2,788,401	1 in 286,179
Employees killed.....	1 in 72,737	1 in 124,019
Others killed.....	1 in 1,392,734	1 in 45,938
Passengers injured.....	1 in 231,568	1 in 90,739
Employees injured.....	1 in 1,128,427	1 in 83,697
Others injured.....	1 in 3,801,225	1 in 79,165

The English generally travel faster than we. We "go ahead" to destruction faster than they, or any other people on the earth, and we pay dearly for our "spunk."

It is computed that during the year 1857 there have been 126 railroad accidents in the United States, by which 130 persons were killed, and 530 wounded. During the year 1856 there were 145 railroad accidents by which 195 persons were killed, and 629 wounded. The number of steamboat accidents in 1857 is computed at 30, by which 322 persons were killed, and 86 wounded. In 1856 there were twenty-nine steamboat accidents, by which 358 persons were killed, and 126 wounded. These statistics do not include sea-going steamers.

INCREASE OF CRIME.—The Boston *Olive Branch* pertinently asks if it is the lack of the necessities of life that leads the world to the commission of such multiplied enormities as fill the papers of late. Certainly not. Suffering there may be, nay, martyrdom there is, but those who want bread are not the ones who rob, murder, deceive and shock society by their atrocities. No, but those who, pampered by idleness, surfeited with luxuries, have created a thousand fictitious wants, and have grown mad that all their demands are not answered—who say, "I want money and I will have it, be the consequences what they may." These are the persons who delude the unwary, resort to covert crimes of high degree and open rebellion against the laws of God and man. The hardy Iclander knows no false wants; a fashionable trip to the Springs lures him to no theft for funds; ambition for a seat in Congress induces him not to kill his brother in a duel; love of princely equipage and luxurious surroundings bribes him not to smuggle wealth and engage in lottery investments, whereby to rob a whole people with their eyes open, and escape with the prize, with impunity. No, deceit and murder are not the offspring of want, but of perverted appetites. Want brings toil, and labor brings contentment.

A SUBSCRIBER of the Buffalo *Commercial* furnishes the following improbable extract from a private letter received from Bellefontaine, Wisconsin: "A very afflictive dispensation of Providence has taken place within twenty miles of this place. A Presbyterian minister, named Reed, was going to attend a meeting of the Presbytery. He stopped over night with another minister at a private house. Mr. Reed was taken with a fit in the night, and it was supposed that he had died. The other minister being in a hurry to get to the meeting in season, had him buried the next day. On his return from meeting, he left word at Oxford that their minister was dead and buried. His friends went immediately to get his remains, and bring them to Oxford, when, to their great sorrow, they discovered that he had been buried alive. The cover of the coffin was split, his shroud was completely torn off, and he was turned nearly on his face. He was a bachelor, and a very worthy man. His dreadful death is much lamented."

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—On Tuesday afternoon last, about four o'clock, an accident occurred to Mr. Townsend Green, son of Dr. Israel Green, and brother of C. H. and W. J. Green of this city, which resulted in his death in about an hour and a quarter. As near as we can learn, the facts were these: Mr. G. and a man of the name of Bell, in his employ, were engaged felling a tree at Duck Creek; Dr. C. was cutting away brush, while Bell was chopping the tree. The tree had been cut to the heart upon one side, and upon the first stroke of the axe on the other side (that being hollow), the tree started. Mr. Bell called to Mr. Green, and he sprang over a fence and brush heap, apparently out of harm's way, but the tree in falling struck some obstruction and glanced off in an opposite direction, striking Mr. Green upon the forehead, causing insensibility. He leaves a wife and four children to mourn his untimely end. He has filled several public offices in Howard, and was respected by all who knew him.—*Detroit Press, March 13.*

A WARM ADVOCATE OF EARLY MARRIAGES.—Dr. Bellows is urging the young people to make their final choice and get spiced without delay. In his last lecture before the Lowell Institute, he strongly recommended early marriages as a cure for the moral depravity which stalks abroad in large cities without fear or shame. The great cause of the falling off of marriages within the last few years, he attributes to the extravagant tastes and expensive habits of modern misses, which deter young men from venturing upon matrimony. We agree with the Rev. Doctor. There is certainly no charm to keep young men from the manifold temptations of cities like a cheerful smiling home, where the wife can learn to accommodate her tastes to her means.—*Dispatch.*

MAKING BRICKS.—The most extensive brick-making establishment on this continent is located in North Cambridge, Mass. When in full operation it manufactures, on an average, one hundred and eighty-seven thousand bricks per day, or about twenty-four millions during the season. The wood used in burning this immense quantity, comes from Nova Scotia, and amounts to over three thousand cords. The clay is taken from a pit, which is about forty feet deep. It is raised in a car on an inclined plane by steam-power, when it is taken on a railroad track to the several pits, where it is made into bricks. The clay is all worked by steam-power, which requires a second steam-engine, and shafting which reaches about a quarter of a mile.—*Investigator.*

FOR EVERY BODY.—Let the business of everybody alone, and attend to your own; don't buy what you don't want; use every hour to advantage, and study to make leisure hours useful; think twice before you spend a shilling, remember that you will have another to make for it; find recreation in looking after your business, and so your business will not be neglected in looking after recreation; buy low, sell fair, and take care of the profits; look over your books regularly, and if you find an error, trace it out; should a stroke of misfortune come upon you in trade, retrench, work harder, but never fly the track; confront difficulties with unflinching perseverance, and they will disappear at last; though you should even fall in the struggle, you will be honored; but shrink from the task, and you will be despised.—*Investigator.*

HONOR TO HAVELOCK.—The Baptist denomination in England propose to establish, in the name of General Havelock and in connection with their college in Regent's Park, two scholarships for Indian services. A bust or portrait of the General will adorn the college hall or examination room. Mr. William Curtis Noyes has recently had completed for him an alto-relievo by Palmer. It is the imaging of Faith, with steadfast, onward step; only one object before its gaze—the Cross in the Cloud.

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